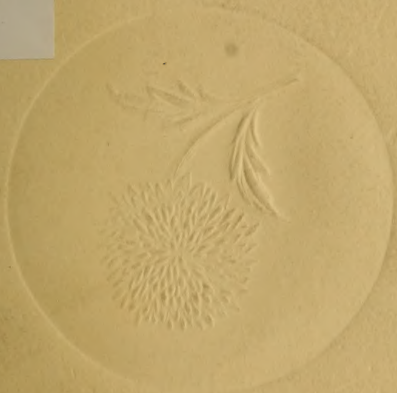
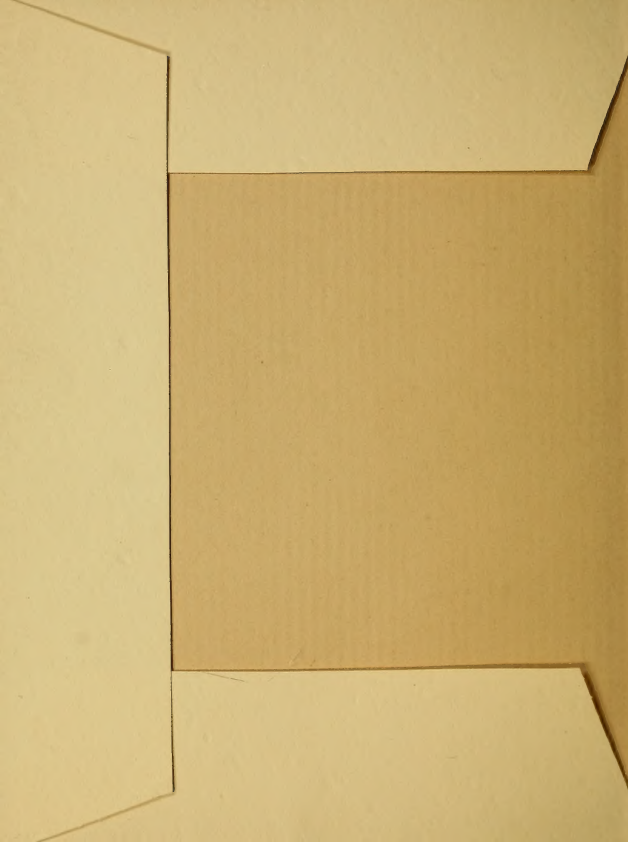


SB 413  
.C55 R7  
Copy 1









CHRYSANTHEMUMS

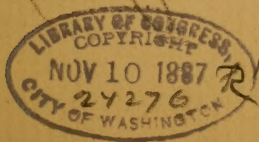


# CHRYSANTHEMUMS

✓  
By PHIL ROBINSON  
"



GEORGE H BUCHANAN AND COMPANY  
PHILADELPHIA



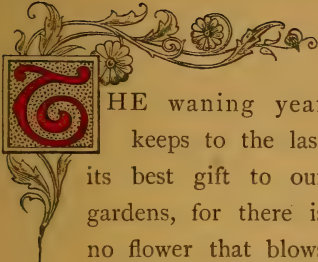
SB 413  
C 55 R7

COPYRIGHT 1886

## FOREWORD

*The increasing interest of flower lovers in the development of the Chrysanthemum is sufficient reason for offering, in a form worthy of preservation, this little essay by one of the most delightful of our modern English writers.*





THE waning year  
keeps to the last  
its best gift to our  
gardens, for there is  
no flower that blows  
comparable to the  
chrysanthemum:

It cheers with bloom the stormy gloom  
By chill December nursed,  
And it is told in stories old  
That this fair flower first,  
On that blest morn when Christ was born,  
Into white beauty burst.

But traditions apart—and the chrysanthemum has many, for have not two queens worn it as their badge and emblem, and does not an emperor to-day entitle it “the royal flower”?—it is a delightful and a wonderful blossom, this darling of winter, the only flower in the garden, and yet a whole gardenful of flowers in itself. Spring, summer and autumn enjoy a constant succession of bouquets, and

from the multitude of their  
contending charms no single  
blossom can fairly call itself  
the chief flower of the day, or  
claim to wear the crown of  
beauty. But for winter our  
gardens keep only one posy,  
the chrysanthemum, and Flora  
thus dignifies it beyond all the  
flowers of the year by giving  
it the whole throne to itself:

Symbol of Hope, still banishing  
the gloom  
Hung o'er the mind by stern  
December's reign.

A bleak reign, it is true, but then there is none to share its sceptre with it, so the chrysanthemum queens it in solitary brilliance over empty beds. Lest, though, it should seem too manifestly alone, and the eye might tire of a single flower, however beautiful, if monotonous in color, shape or size, the chrysanthemum seems forever straining to spread its own charm over half the parterres. No lilies

show so clear a white, no daffodils so clear a yellow ; roses have no better pinks, and all the family of the hollyhocks and dahlias and many of the others—for instance, calceolarias and zinnias—cannot show tints and half-tones in crimson and orange and tawny more decided, bright and various than the chrysanthemum alone. And, not content with rivaling their colors alone, it gives the whole garden back shape

for shape, as well as hue for hue, and, whether as a rose, a dahlia, an aster, a carnation, or a daisy, it makes its pretty mimicry sufficiently exact to 'create gratitude for its variety and to abolish monotony.

All our large-flowered varieties have been grown from the single Chusan chrysanthemum, and the delightful dwarf pompons have in the same way been produced from the Chusan daisy. A hundred

years of experimental cultivation have been necessary to arrive at such floral triumphs as the Elaine, the Nil Desperandum, or the Button Helene, and viewed therefore solely as a work of art, the chrysanthemum is worthy of respectful admiration; while as a work of nature to praise it seems almost impertinent. Looking down the bank of flowers at any chrysanthemum show, the exquisite form is astonishing.

Blue alone has never been attained, but the chrysanthemum, besides its pure whites and yellows—

More pure and clear than any here,  
Their snowy disks unfold ;  
Bright as the star that melts afar  
Into the morning's gold—

positively revels in shades of all the other colors—pink, crimson, chestnut, orange, lilac, puce, carmine, amber, violet, peach, magenta, ruby, cinnamon, sulphur, fawn, buff, salmon, maroon, bronze,

cherry, scarlet, mauve, purple, and, above all, in white silver, silver white, cream white, ivory white, snow white. No wonder, then, that with such a range of hue the chrysanthemum should justify the confidence of Flora in its power to queen it alone in the winter-stricken garden ! and have I not done well to claim it as my favorite ?

In contour also, as in color, the chrysanthemum

knows no margins. On one plant the bloom cuddles all its petals together, making a round, soft ball of itself; on another it flings them out all flat from the centre in a great disk of color; a third binds its central petals into a button or arranges them in a crown or a tuft, and then sends out on every side rays of bright tints, some long, some short, but all in a method as exact as on the stars of any order

of honor. Some of the flowers curl their pretty fronds inward, others curve them backward; some take the dahlia's form, others the sunflower's; some assume the precise circle, others radiate in quaint marginal devices. Of them all, the Elaine, with its great fleecy, snow-like flowers, is perhaps the queen; but in such a puzzling variety of charms it is difficult to award the palm. The connoisseur

turns, of course, to the coral-red Mons. Crousse, the no less curious La Frisure, or the ever-new varieties, such as the McMahan, the Gazelle, and the Empress of India; but for the uninitiated the equality of beauty suffices to make all admired. Many of the tints, it is true, are curious rather than pretty, and many of the shapes fantastic rather than graceful; but these triumphs of art are in no way blemishes upon the

plant that can show the splendid blossom of the Elaine or the purity in color of the George Glenny. Nor is it only in tint and outline that the chrysanthemum arrogates such privileges, but in size also, for twenty pompons would lie upon the disk of one Elaine, and the Empress of India over-shadows like a shrub the tiny Christabel. Yet one more triumph has the chrysanthemum achieved.

The glory of other plants, the  
perfume, seemed at one time  
beyond its reach ; but audacity  
or patience has conquered  
even here, and the Progue,  
with the color of the amethyst,  
has also the odor of violet. No  
further triumph remains for it.

Type of a true and holy love ; the same  
Through every scene that crowds life's  
varied page.

'Mid grief, 'mid gladness—spell of every  
dream

Tender in youth, and strong in feeble  
age !

The peerless picture of a modest wife,  
Thou bloom'st the fairest 'midst the frosts  
of life.

## AFTERWORD

*This little volume is put forth as an example of the finer grade of book printing. We ask you to notice the style of the type work, the paper, the inks, the margins and the binding, and mark their harmony.*

*George H Buchanan and Company  
420 Library Street 420  
Philadelphia*

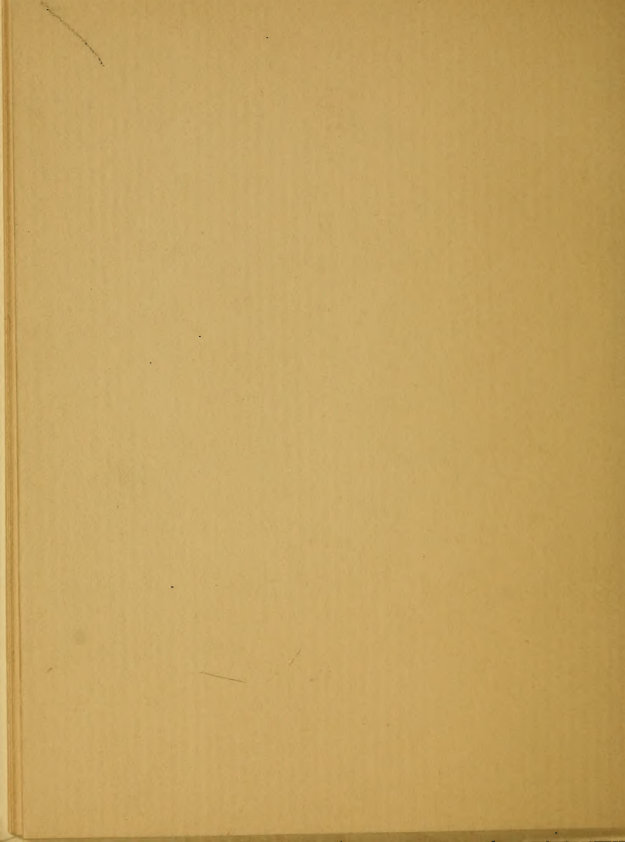


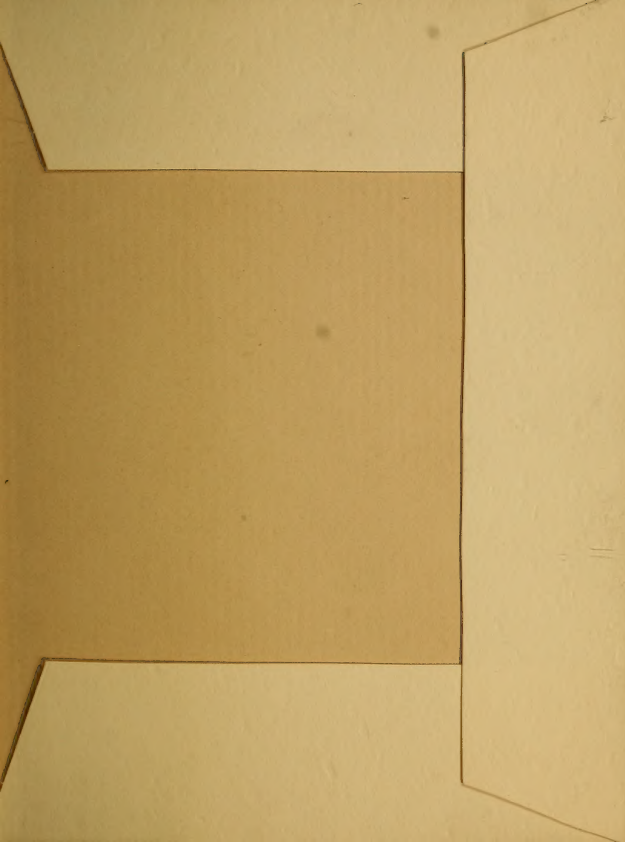


MADE IN THE WORKROOMS OF  
GEORGE H BUCHANAN AND COMPANY  
420 LIBRARY STREET 420  
PHILADELPHIA









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 000 920 184 1

Thomas Jefferson

SB 413  
.C 55 R7